

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

CLEOPATRA McNALLY

Words and Musio by Samuel H. Speck.

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Music of this Song sent on receipt of 40 cts. in 1 or 2 ct. stamps, by
A. W. Auner, Tenth & Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may sing of Annie Rooney, and other pretty maids,
I'll tell you of a damsel that will give them oards and spades,
She has not a betwicking eye,
She don't look modest or act shy,
She's not pretty at all, and she's not a bit fly,
This Cleopatra McNally.

CHORUS.

She's my hoodoo, I'm her Jonah,
She's mashed on me, I'm a goner,
She is happy, I'm a mourner,
She whistles and waits at the corner,
This Cleopatra McNally.

Her nose is out on the bias, with a wart upon the end,
One front tooth in her mammoth mouth, looks as if it had no friend,
Her feet don't match, her face is bent,
Her upper story is to rent,
To punish me, she to this world has been sent,
This Cleopatra McNally.

She's my hoodoo, &c.

If her face is all her fortune, she'll always be dead broke,
Whene'er she looks up at a clock there's ne'er another stroke.
What to do with her now makes me guess,
She loves me true I must confess.
If any one wants it, I'll give the address,
Of Cleopatra McNally.

She's my hoodoo, &c.

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